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Friday.

Dearest, darling, Joe: —

Won't you know to-day, honey, is St Valentine's day? Looked all over for one from you, but, dear, I guess you don't love me anymore. Do, you? Received your Sat. letter at the usual time yesterday - 12.30 p.m. To-day, I first called for your big, big fat one of Wednesday. Do you know what I did with it? I opened it up - looked at the size of it, and like a miser put it away to read last. I am to excited to read it now. Directly after I had written this, I calm down and then! —

Seems as though Friday is always a dreary day. Rained all morning in buckets fulls. Am going down to the house to-day to see your mother and for supper. Mom dear is feeling fine now, honey, so don't you worry. Rose had her out for a walk Tuesday afternoon Lincoln's Birthday. I know dear, at the time how Mom was feeling, as I can order every

chance I could, and Rose called me up daily. I was afraid you may become alarmed and think her more serious all therefore I did not mention it in my letters. But as I say now, dear, she is alright. I should run up more, if I possibly could but one night a week I spend at my mother's, Friday always with your folks, and the Sunday I am off. I do not spend Either but on Sunday night here. So you see, dear, I am working it as much as I dare. Mom too, feels hurt that I do not come more often and even says I should give up my room, but you know dear, I wouldn't do that.

As for my illness honey, that was no doubt what was ailing me, to get me into my lonesome for you. Surprisingly I did not suffer so much, physically as I usually do; ~~but~~ the general depression was same thing awful. The absence of pain, I attribute to my stopping down here; as I got all the possible rest I could, lying down instead of standing and being jerked — trains and its effect was certainly noticeable. But, dear heart, I am alright now. When I read that part of your letter, love, dear, I can hardly explain the feeling that came over me. Honey, dear, ~~that~~ is just why I love you so, — so considerate, so kind & so gentle. I am sorry, honey, that I worried you so. But, dear girl, I surely do love and miss you, so much. All day I am talking and listening to you.

I shall write you the big letter again on ~~Saturday~~ Sunday, so that you will get it Wednesday. And you precious, continue to take care of yourself, and to go out in the evenings making friends. I am sure the money will soon begin to come in — and then, dear heart! — we will certainly be very, very happy.

Sometimes, also, look to this long & talk to me as you do, for I am sure it reaches me. I am always feeling your arms and lips. And many, many times, I fancy that when I get home I'll find you there — so near to me do you seem. Love me all the time, precious, for I know, until my dying day, I shall always feel to you as I do now. I, too, am always dreaming of our little home, no matter, love, how simple it will be, we shall always be very, very happy in it, for it shall be <u>our</u> little home. Let me know dear if you say anything in it the ivory furniture is too expensive. We can get something else in that case.

I will close now, dear heart, to read your precious letter. Always I am so anxious to get it and then when it is read, I analyze it means 24 hr. until I hear from you again. Well, love, I hope that will all soon pass and what we have to say to each other we will be able to say with a hug and a kiss. With all my love, to the most precious husby in the world, I'll close

ever, ever loving, France.